

Fragment from the Journal of JP

*Still air awaits
Quivering breath
A sound, not yet
We begin*

Kazukorei is not summoned in the way spirits are in folk tales. It is not beckoned. It is allowed. The rite—*Yūonshō*—is not one of creation, but of recognition. The sounds we call forth do not emerge from us, but from the wind itself.

Over time, I came to understand: we do not make the wind forget its name—we help it *remember*.

The name Kazukorei—written 風隠霊—contains many layers. 風 (*kaze*), the wind, is obvious. 隠 (*kakure*), hidden, speaks not of obscurity but of latency, of things veiled by time or perception. 霊 (*rei*), often rendered as spirit, also implies essence, a thread that connects the formless to form.

Kazukorei, then, is not merely a yokai of sound, but a becoming. A convergence of breath, time, and readiness. When we perform *Yūonshō* (幽音章), we enact what some call the *hidden chapter of sound*—but I now believe the kanji imply something deeper: *a composed stillness where sound begins to notice itself*.

“Hibikidō”—響き道—*the way of resonance*—is the broader path. Not every practitioner walks it by sound. Some work in silence, shaping air, carving attention. I chose the path of audition, because for me, listening was how the wind first spoke.

They taught me to draw the sigil like this:

1. A curved arc, right to left. The posture of listening.
2. A downward tapering stroke. Breath entering form.
3. A horizontal line. The offer.
4. A shorter mark below. The gate—ajar, never forced.

Each line must be made in one breath, and the full sigil drawn in silence.

I have kept a stone with the sigil scratched faintly into its face. Each morning I press it against my chest and wait—not for sound, but for permission to hear.

Below is the sigil as I was shown—on the seventh week, when the wind at last answered by name.

